

MY MOTHER, IN HER LAST HOURS

wants to go in
the car. Murray
she calls out,

is he mad at me?
and when I tell
her no, it does
not help her

eyes roll back,
her fingers are
so cold. I can't

do anything —
I don't know if
those words are
hers or mine.

Lyn I want bread
and butter she
moans, looks at

the plate they
are on blankly

WITHOUT OBJECTS, PEOPLE FORGET

"Objects show that someone
made a difference. And
objects show that some
one died, was missed
very much"

— Text from the New York
State Museum exhibit
QUILTS AND REMEMBERING

Mama,
your address book stings but
not as much as your
raincoat, the Cream of Rice

green jar you kept your
teeth in, and your pocket
book, like a dark animal
now in my closet. I think
of hair wreaths, strands of

a whole family's hair,
the living and the dead
braided together, hung with
shells and flowers,
feathers right in the

living room and I think how
in the last weeks, Mama, your
hair glowed, like a halo, wreath
of whiteness, not dry or lank
but full of body, of life